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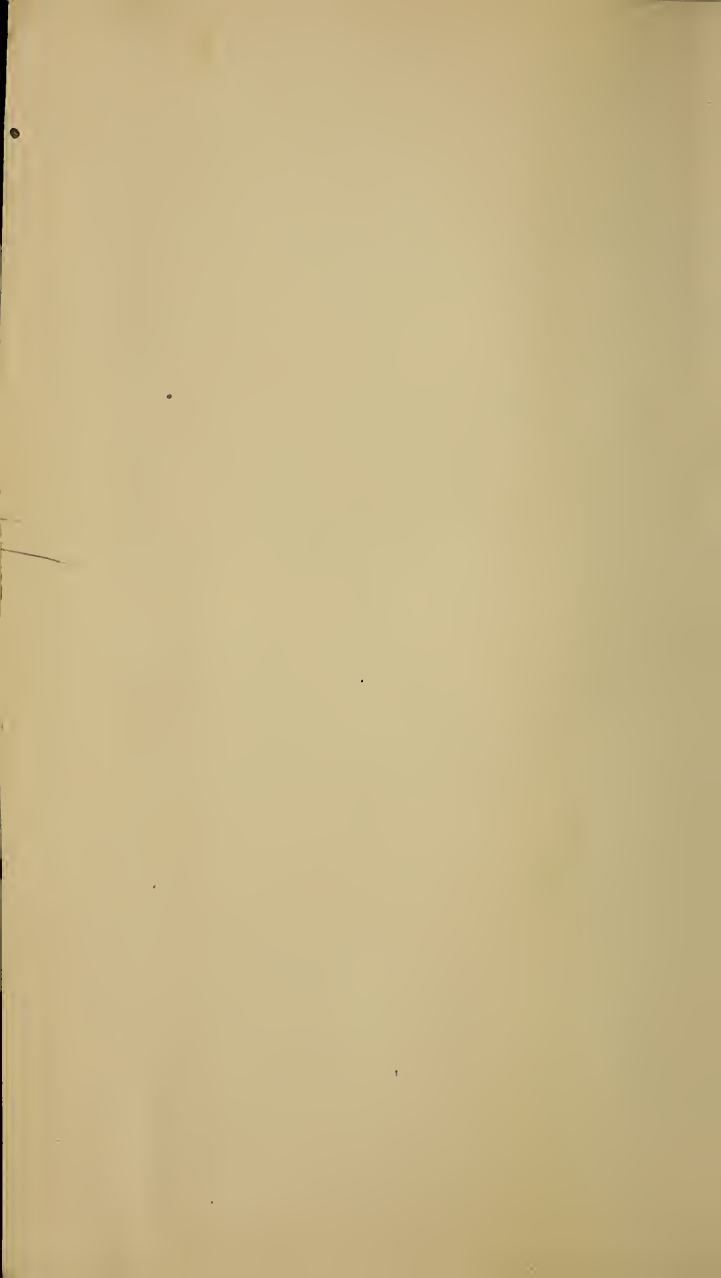
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Golf Yarns



From the *American Golfer*.

All the World's a Golf Links

Golf Yarns

The Best Things About the
Game of Golf

Compiled and Illustrated

BY

Harry
H. B. MARTIN



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Dedicated
TO MY WIFE
who has termed herself a Golf Widow

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For many of the stories here presented we are indebted to "Golf Illustrated," "Sketch," "Tatler," "The American Golfer," "Golf," "Collier's," and "Bailey's Magazine."





"FORE" WORD



THERE are two brands of humour in golf. One comes from the outsider, who loves to make fun of a golfer's clothes, his clubs or the terms of the game. The real golfer, who always takes his game seriously, never sees anything funny in this sort of wit. The other kind is the things that happen or might happen to the player on the links or thoughts that might occur to him during his hours of reflection. It is this latter brand of humour that has been collected for this little book. It is the serious golfer, or perhaps he who understands golf best, that will get the most laughs out of these stories.

A reporter once suggested a very good golf feature to the editor of one of New York's large Sunday papers. The editor listened attentively, but turned down the idea with the remark that he didn't think the readers would be inter-

ested, as society had given up golf in Newport and it was no longer a fad.

When society quit golf that seemed to be the game's salvation. Once deserted by the "400," it was picked up by some "400,000" of the commoner class, and has been going on quite merrily ever since. Most golfers can hardly realise that after all golf is only a game. To some it is actually a disease. It has been a great boon to the doctor, lawyer, minister and the tired business man. Years ago when you saw two men talking on the street and one of them had his hands up measuring off a distance of two feet in space, it was almost a certainty that he was telling his friend of a fish that he had caught just that long. Now it is almost a certainty that he is telling the other man that he missed a put just that long or had laid a midiron shot up on the green just that far from the cup.

A man visiting Europe once asked a friend to tell him the names of all the monarchs that were playing golf. The friend replied that it was easier to tell

him the name of the one king in Europe that didn't play. It is said that the King of Italy has not yet become fascinated with the Royal and Ancient game.

The stories presented here are picked up from here, there and everywhere. It is difficult to give credit in most cases because a good story, like a poker chip, has no home. Most of the yarns here are true, and are based on actual fact. The others, the best that can be said about them is that they might have happened. The golfer is now claimed to have a more vivid imagination than the fisherman, so we will let the reader be the judge of those stories that cause a doubt in his mind.

THE COMPILER.

SEVEN YEARS TO MAKE A GOLFER

It has been claimed by some well-known authorities of the game that it takes seven years to learn to play the game of golf properly. A cynic on hearing this has expressed it in the following way: "It requires two years to learn the terms of the game, another two years to learn the uses of the various clubs, then two more years to unlearn what you have learned in the first four years and another year to find out that no golfer is a hero in the eyes of his own caddie."



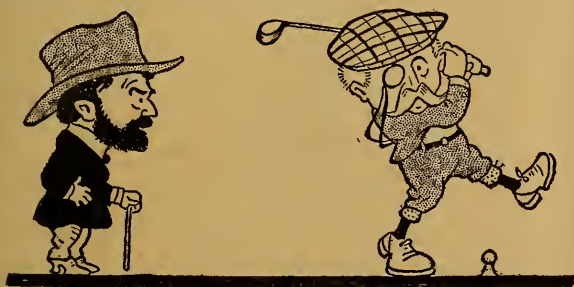
KEEP YOUR EYE ON IT

A GOLFER teaching his friend the rudiments of the game showed him how to tee the ball, and then told him that whatever else he did to be sure and keep his eye on it. The pupil obeyed to the letter of the law and made a perfect shot right down the centre of the course, but the trouble with it was that he hit it such a puny tap that it only went about seventy-five yards. "Perfect shot!" exclaimed the instructor. "You hit it just right, but why didn't you hit 'er harder and get some distance?" "You said to keep my eye on the ball; now how would you expect me to knock it any further and still keep my eye on it?"



GRANT WANTED TO KNOW

WHEN General Grant was in England on his famous trip around the world he was taken out to one of the golf courses near London and was there given his first insight into the game of golf. The well-known English peer that had insisted on introducing the General to the mysteries of the Royal and Ancient game teed up a ball and proceeded to make a drive; but not being very adept at the art, swung three times at it without touching the ball at all. The General looked on with great interest and then remarked: "I should think there would be plenty of exercise in the game, but there is one thing that I don't understand, what is the little ball for?"



NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

THERE are certain national characteristics that apply to golf as well as other sports. The following summary was prepared by an Englishman and the last line supplied by an American: "A Scotchman does not like to be beaten. An Englishman likes best to beat a Scotchman. A Welchman does not mind being beaten unless he has something on the game. An Irishman plays for the fun of the thing. A Frenchman will never admit that he is beaten, and an American never minds being beaten except by an Englishman."



EARLY GOLF RECORDS

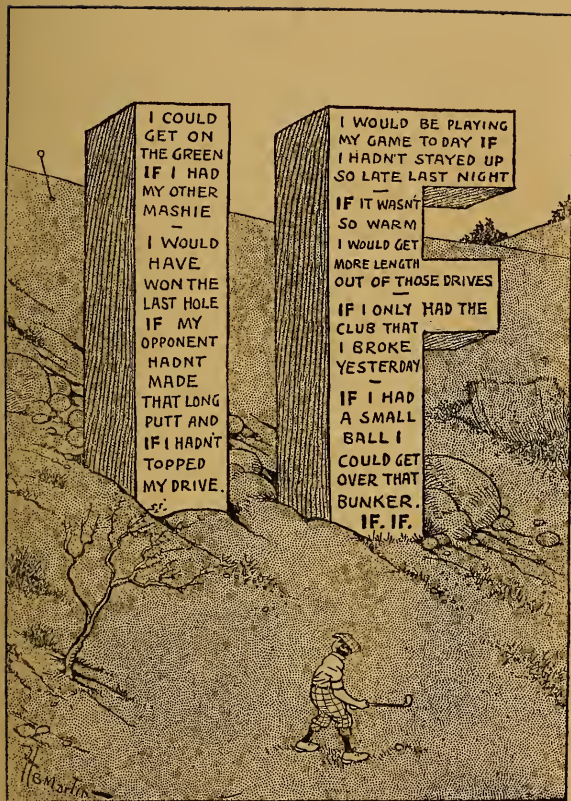
THAT golf was a popular game in the fifteenth century is proved by the Acts of Parliament for its suppression. In 1457 it was "decreeted and ordained that wapinschawingis be halden be the Lordis and Baronis spirituale and temporale, foure times in the zeir, and that the Futeball and Golf be utterly cryit doune, and nocht usit; and that the bowe merkis be maid at ilk parochie kirk a pair of buttis, and schutting be usit ilk Sunday," and thirty-four years later, 1491, "that in na place of the realme there be usit Fute-ball, Golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis, but for the common gude of the realme, and defence thair of, and that bowis and schutting be hantit, and bow-marks maid therefore ordained in ilk parochin."



THE DUFFER

MOST every player likes to think that a "duffer" is one who plays a much worse game than himself. As a matter of fact, the true definition of a "duffer" is one who has a handicap of over twenty. He used to be so called because he duffed so many shots and therefore never made any real good scores. In most places now when you make a bad shot they say that you foozled it or fluffed it. So if you have a handicap of over twenty and resent being called a "duffer," maybe you would like to be called a "fluffer" or a "foozler."





From Golf

The Greatest Hazard

IN THE OLD DAYS

GOLFERS who complain about the present-day rubber-cored balls will appreciate the following: Undoubtedly the great spread of golf is due primarily to the cheapness and durability of the gutta ball. The old feather ball cost 2s. 6d., and the best quality 4s. and 5s., and in wet weather it was sometimes needful in an important match to have a fresh ball at every hole. This price, of course, was prohibitive, except to those players blessed with a long purse and inexhaustible enthusiasm for the sport.



YOUTH vs. OLD AGE

THEY were playing a *pater-filius* four-ball match. One of the fathers had hit off a very decent sort of tee-shot, taken by itself, but which, measured by the son's effort—a tremendous swipe, a carry of nigh on to 250 yards—paled into utter insignificance, eliciting from the “old man” the remark, in mingled accents of pride and mournful regret: “Enviably, most enviable, is the lustiness of youth.” “Yes,” added the other old gentleman, after half-topping his, “but pitiable, most pitiable, is the rustiness of old age.”



A GOLF THEORY

GOLF is indeed a very peculiar game. It was decided quite some years ago that in driving it was our left hand that did all the work and the right was only used as a sort of guide to steady the stroke. Golf theorists have now discovered that most of the weight is on the left foot, and it is the left leg most prominent in making the swing. Hence we find that we are standing right handed to play a left-handed shot.





SHORT PUTTS

THERE is many a slip 'twixt the tee and the cup.



Some one has said that for golf you can be any old shape that you like so long as you have your lower limbs under control and are able to wave a stick, there need be no limit to your girth, or flabbiness, or senility.



Referring to a golf tournament, a report of the game said: "A very strong wind and a heavy rain made low scoring difficult." Mr. Fozzler wrote into the paper and wanted to know what makes low scoring easy.



Player (exasperated at the caddie's inexperience): "I wonder where all the good caddies go to?"

Caddie (meekly): "To 'eaven, sir."

A NEW GOLF SWING

ON THE Chingford Public Golf Course in England a certain golfer is notorious for the frequency with which he misses the ball. He has invented an ingenious antidote for this peculiar kind of fozzling. After hitting at the ball, he continues the action with increased vigour and brings the club round again, thus effecting what must be described as a double swing. If he misses with his initial effort it is seldom that he fails to hit the globe at the second attempt. After this foolproof performance is completed he confesses to have played a single stroke!



GOLF INSTRUCTION

By Grantland Rice

They've sought me and they've brought me
And they've taught me "perfect form"—
The proper stance, the proper grip,
The proper arc of arm.
They've sought me and they've taught me
From springtime unto fall;
The only bet they overlooked
Was "how to hit the ball."

They've taught me twenty dozen things
In forty dozen ways—
The mashie grip, the niblick flip,
And how H. Vardon plays.
They've slipped me every angle
In the golfolistic frame;
The only kink they overlooked
Was "how to play the game."

TWAIN LIKED THIS COURSE

MARK TWAIN was playing golf on a well-known English course. In trying to make a very long brassie shot Twain tore up considerable turf and a chunk of dirt hit him squarely in the face. The Englishman he was playing with, seeking to relieve the embarrassment of his guest, remarked: "By the way, Mr. Twain, how do you like our course?" "Fine," said Twain. "I think it is the best I have ever tasted."



THE AMIR

IT is said that the natives of Afghanistan have adopted a new method of presenting petitions to the Amir. They deposit them at night in the holes on their ruler's golf course at Kabul, in the hope that they will be discovered when his majesty is putting on the following day. Even if he does hole a long putt to become 1 up on his lord chamberlain, he must be robbed of much of his satisfaction if, at the bottom of the tin, he finds a request from the ladies of the harem for equal rights and a political franchise. He has ordered that all such petitions are to be burned unread.



AN EMOTIONAL GOLFER

"A. B. H.," in *Bailey's Magazine*, says: "I have heard of a player who, on missing a short putt, lay down on the green and gnawed his ball. This was a perfect expression in action of emotions to which no words were adequate. We, too, have felt very provoked at missing a short putt, but it has never occurred to us to gnaw the ball. After careful reflection, we have come to the conclusion that if we gave vent to our emotions by gnawing anything we should nibble a bit of the hole in order to enlarge it."



TAFT'S SYSTEM

A GOOD story is told about Ex-President Taft and his golf, which if not true, is at least amusing. Mr. Taft has never been regarded as an extremely long driver, but just after the late unpleasantness in the Republican Party he began to drive a very long ball, and seemed to get much more force into the swing than he had ever been able to do before. "How did you accomplish it?" inquired one of his friends, who was amazed at the President's sudden change in form. "Well, it was easy," said Mr. Taft with a twinkle in his eye. "I just had Teddy Roosevelt's picture painted on all my balls, and I just kept my mind on that when I drove."



ON THE WRONG SIDE

ONE day a left-handed player seemed to be going particularly bad, and nothing he could do would put him back on his game. This player never considered it worth while to consult a professional, but would rather work out his difficulties by himself with the aid of a little colored caddie. After topping a drive, making equally as bad a shot out of the second, and landing his third into a bunker and finally getting up on the green in three more, he called over the caddie and said: "Mouse, can you tell me what's the matter with my game?"

"I dunno, boss, but it seems to me that you've done been standin' on the wrong side of yo ball."



GOLF IN CHICAGO

"CHICK" EVANS says that there is quite a difference in the way the public regard a golf player now than from what they did a few years ago. Then, when a player with a golf bag was seen on the streets of Chicago he was stared at like he was a curiosity. Men got so when they went out to play golf they sent their clubs ahead by a small boy, and they walked a respectful distance behind, apparently disclaiming all ownership to the bag. Now when a business man goes out to enjoy a day at his favorite pastime he is only too proud to be seen with the clubs, and instead of being eyed as a curiosity, he is looked upon with envy.

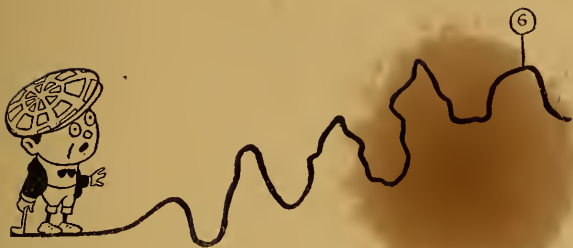


IT MADE A DIFFERENCE

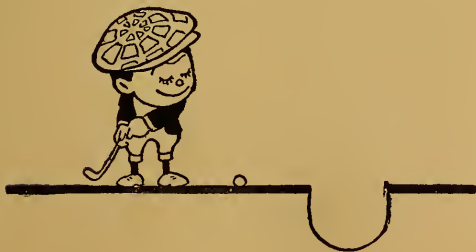
Two Irish women were passing the home of a bishop one day when they happened to observe him in his yard practising putting. "Now, isn't that darlin'. Just see the dear old man playing with that little ball with the innocence of a little child." "Yes," but Mrs. McCleary, didn't you notice that that was a Protestant bishop?" "You don't say so? Why, the old fool! Now, wouldn't ye think he'd have better sinse than to be playin' a silly game like that?"



THAT TWO-FOOT PUTT



How a two-foot putt looks to you when you have got to make it to win the hole.



How the same putt looks when you have got two strokes to spare for the hole.

GOLFING PESTS

"PROBABLY the worst player in the world to play with is the grouser," says Mr. Hilton. He is the most trying of all golf nuisances. A bad shot is usually the fault of some one else. The poor caddie comes in for most of the blame. Then he turns on you. If you pull off a good shot he remarks: "That is a lucky one." He is always complaining about the course.

The whiner simply bids for sympathy. He invariably has an ailment. If you stand it he is not an unpleasant enemy, but he is a man who is apt to lull you into a sense of false security, as you don't like tramping on a half-dead enemy.





GOLFER (having just made a good putt):
"That's a good hole, isn't it?"

LADY VISITOR: "Perfectly lovely. It is
so beautifully round."

FIRST DUFFER (excitedly): "Do you
know, I have just landed on the sixth
green in two?"

SECOND DUFFER: "Is that so? Which
hole were you playing?"

GOLF in the home has many drawbacks. A
raking drive, for instance, may mean the
loss of much valuable glass or china-divots,
which are not easily replaced.

UNCERTAIN

A CERTAIN player who had never been able to attract any serious attention from the handicap committee had just succeeded in getting onto the green in his fourth on a hole that ordinarily required two shots. Then he proceeded to miss three short putts, and turning to his caddie in disgust, he remarked: "Well, well, I say, did you ever in your life see a worse golfer?"

The caddie thought it over a moment and then replied:

"I was just trying to think!"



FOUND A NEW SPOT

A STRANGER on the links one day was besieged by a lot of caddies, who wanted the job of carrying for him. Among them was one lad who put in the claim of being the best caddie on the links, having the reputation of never having lost a ball. After playing six holes and hooking or slicing the ball out into the rough most every other shot, the player finally put one over into some long, tough grass.

“Look here, caddie, I thought you told me that you never lost a ball?” ejaculated the new player. “I did, sir,” but I never caddied for any one that played ’em over here before.”



THE CADDIE KNEW HIM

A WELL-KNOWN judge was informed one day that his caddie was betting on the game. The judge, realizing that his game was decidedly off color, and feeling sorry that any one should lose on account of his poor playing, remarked to the boy: "My son, I hear that you have been betting on this game." "Yes, sir," said the boy; "but it was only a small amount, sir." "Well, that is all right; I will repay you for all that you have lost." "Oh, I didn't lose, sir. I bet that you wouldn't hit it at all the first time you stepped up to the tee."



AN OLD MAN'S GAME

MOST every one has heard the remark that golf was an old man's game. The best answer for this came out one day in a conversation between two young men, one devoted to tennis, the other to golf. The golfer asked the tennis player to come out and try the game with him. "All I want is for you to give it just one trial." "What! me play golf? Never! Why, that is an old man's game." "You know why they call it an old man's game, don't you?" said the golfer. "It's because a young fellow like you, starting in now, would be an old man before he learned how."



ONE FOR THE OUTSIDER

THIS is the type of a joke that the outsider always laughs at.

A young man was teaching his girl how to play golf, and evidently she was not taking the game seriously. She had just driven from the tee, and turning inquiringly to the man, asked: "How was that?" "Oh, fine," he said; "you hit a beauty straight down the course." "Oh, I don't care where the ball went. I wanted to know how I looked when I hit it."



NEVER SAW GOLF BEFORE

A WELL-KNOWN professional golf player visited a certain links one day and drew out quite a crowd to see him play. In the gallery were four persons that evidently had never seen golf played before. The professional made a remarkable drive. When they got to the hole everybody was surprised to find that the ball had rolled into the cup and he had made the hole in one. The four strangers applauded the wonderful shot with the rest of the gallery, but when he made equally as good a shot on the next hole and failed to quite reach the green they all turned back to the club house, thinking that a professional player who couldn't hole out in one every time wasn't worth watching.



HE ALWAYS LOST

A CLERGYMAN was in the habit of playing golf about twice a week with a friend that almost invariably beat him. Coming in from a round one day in which the clergyman had been beaten by a rather larger score than usual, the friend remarked by way of apology: "Never mind, you will get even with me some day when you have a chance to read the burial service over my grave." "Not at all, sir," said the clergyman; "that still will be your hole."



MIGHT HURT HIS HEALTH

No ONE takes the game of golf more seriously than John D. Rockefeller. He plays mostly on his own private links, and he devotes regular hours to his favorite pastime. Reporters and others are cautioned not to speak of anything unpleasant to him before the golf game. The doctor who has issued these orders explains it this way: "If he hears anything in the morning that would be likely to disturb him it is almost a certainty that he will play a bad game. If he plays a bad game, that will put him in a bad humor the rest of the day."



A SEVERE LESSON

H. CHANDLER EGAN had a somewhat unusual introduction to golf. He and his brother laid out a small three-hole course in the pasture back of his father's house, then they invited their cousin Walter over to show them how to play the game. Teeing up a ball on the first, he hit it straight down to the broomstick which served as a flagpole. The ball bounced along the uneven green and finally disappeared in the hole. Turning to his gallery, he remarked: "There, that is the way you do it." Chandler Egan tried, but didn't quite succeed, and although he won the amateur championship twice, he claims that he was never able to equal the wonderful drive his cousin made that day.



GUTTA-PERCHA BALL

THE following story is told of the discovery of the gutta-percha ball: Sir Thomas Moncrieff brought a piece of gutta-percha with him from London to Musselburgh. It was believed to be suitable for a golf ball. The surface was quite smooth and had no nicks. It was found that the ball would not fly, and eventually it was discarded. The caddies picked it up and hammered it, *faute de mieux*, round the green, it being discovered that the more it was hacked with the cleek and iron, the better it flew. This revelation suggested the nicking of the ball while soft, and hence the hand-made ball, which eventually ousted the feathery.



FUTURE HOLES

DONALD ROSS, a Scottish Pro., says the process of trapping and bunkering has only begun. G. Rice, in *Collier's*, has suggested the following for an ideal hole: Hole I—Your tee shot must be played from directly back of the tee box with the caddie sitting on the gall. The cup here is placed in the top of a tall oak. If you hole out you win the hole but lose the ball, as the tree is too big to be climbed.



MA MASHIE

(From the Royal Montreal Golf Club)

BY J. GARDNER THOMPSON

MA driver, she's a bonnie club,
She'll drive twa hunner yerds;
An' maybe, when the win's ahint,
Two fifty's on the kerds.
It's fine tae get a hertsome drive,
It mak's ye feel sae classie—
But pride aye comes afore a fa'—
I hae tae use ma mashie.

I lo'e the game an' fine wad like
To dae the coorse in eighty,
But while I hae to use that club
I fear the task's o'er weighty.
But I'll persevere an' maybe learn
The trick o' the wee lassie,
An' this nicht I'll drink a toast tae her,
Ma mashie, oh, ma mashie.

COULDN'T DO BOTH

A MINISTER who was playing golf one day started out in a very inglorious fashion. He missed the ball entirely the first two attempts he made to drive. Neither time he made any comment. Trying again, he topped it and the ball rolled down in among some rocks, where it was almost impossible to dislodge it. Turning to the caddie, he said: "Well, my boy, I was just thinking I will have to give it up." "What! you don't mean you are going to give up the game?" "No, no; I mean I will have to give up the ministry."



HOW HE TRACED THEM

THIS shows how a duffer, by using a little wit, got even with his two pals, who imagined they played a better game than he did. It appears that they got to the club very early one day and attempted to get in a round before the player they were trying to lose showed up. In this they thought they had succeeded till they were surprised to find that he joined them on the sixth hole. "How did you find us?" "Why, that was the easiest thing in the world to discover. I just traced you out here by the divots you neglected to replace."



ONLY AN ECHO

OPIE READ, while playing a match with a friend one day, knocked his ball down into a deep hollow, which was lined with rocks. Read went down and tried to get it out, only succeeding after he had wasted several shots. After coming out of the hole his opponent asked how many he had taken down there. Read thought it over, and replied, "Just three." "What!" said his opponent, "only three? Why, I distinctly heard you hit at the ball six times." "Oh, no, you didn't," was Read's quick reply. "The other three were echoes."



SHORT PUTTS



A MAN was playing a round of golf one day in a mixed foresome, of which his daughter was one. Missing a short putt, he let out a string of oaths. Shortly afterwards the young lady missed a putt, and turning to her father, asked in an innocent way, "Now, father, what shall I say?"

HE who has loved (golf) and lost
Severely weighs the cost,
But he who has loved (golf) and won
Counts the cost as just begun.

"HULLO, old boy! You're looking quite run down. I thought you came here with your clubs for change and rest?"

"So I did, but I soon found that the caddies got all my change and the hotel proprietor got the rest."

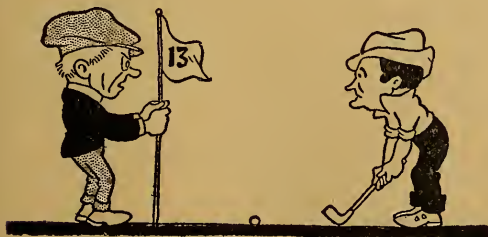
ANCIENT WISDOM

AN OLD Fifeshire golfer, who has played since 1840, says: There are two playing principles which used to be enforced on us by the professional players of old days. One was, "When your ba's in a bunker, get it oot"; the idea being that you should aim at getting it out of the hazard onto good ground without trying too much. The second was, "You should look at the place the ba' was lying on efter it's awa' "; the idea here being that your eye should be so rivetted on the ball that by no possibility shall your eye have moved until after the stroke.



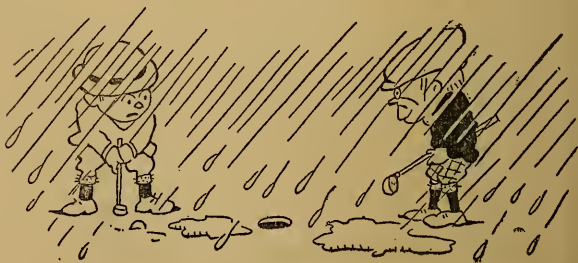
KNEW HE DESERVED IT

FOUR players were playing in a four-ball match one day where all scores counted. One of the golfers, who was little more than a beginner, had landed up on the green of a four-hundred-yard hole in three. His partner, hoping to encourage him, took the flag while he made the putt. First he hit the ball and knocked it about a foot, then he tried three more before holing out. Turning to his partner, he remarked excitedly: "You talked me out of that; it was all your fault." "How ridiculous; why, I never said a word." "Well, maybe you didn't, but you had a look on your face like you were going to say something."



GOLF IN THE RAIN

“WHAT is the fascination of golf? What makes us love it so?” Most every player has asked himself this question. Many a golf match has been played through a pouring rain. It is not uncommon to see players start out when it is raining hard and they know they are due for the soaking of their lives, yet they continue with enthusiasm unabated. The baseball player scampers for shelter when it commences to sprinkle. No one would ever think of seeing a baseball game in the rain, or even when the grounds were wet. Tennis is never played in the rain. Golfers never stop for even the hardest downpour, and are often followed by a large gallery.



FRAUD ON THE FACE OF IT

It so happens that on a certain course down South an old negro cabin stands not a very great distance from one of the tees. A golfer playing the course one day sliced his ball over in that direction and it hit an old mammy on the side of the face. He went over after the ball and found her in great agony, but after a little talk, a dollar eased the pain considerably. The next time around the player sliced his ball again at this same place, and what was his surprise to discover that it had again hit the old mammy in the face. He compared notes with other players in the club house and found out that they, too, had hit the old mammy, and it had always cost a dollar to square matters.



ONE ON LAUDER

HARRY LAUDER tells this one on himself. He called up a caddie one day on the tee and asked him how much he would take to carry his clubs. The caddie, thinking he had a soft mark, raised the regular price a little bit. "Na, na, my lad. It's na a half o' that that I would gie ye. I'll carry ma own clubs." The boy hung around and watched him drive, then went and offered to take the job for nothing. "It's worth that," he said, "just for the fun of seeing you play."



STYMIE FOR AMERICA

OWEN SEAMAN concludes a golf epic in
"Punch" with this—just after asking
which is the greatest golfing race:

"Only the race that is loved of heaven—
Whose path is the ancient green;
Those who are buoyed by the sea dog's
leaven,

Whose brand is the iron keen;
Only the race with the brassie face
That follow the spheres in a long, stern
chase,

And still putt out as the stars of Devon
Put out to the Spaniard's teen.

"Here (so carry our drives, O Castor—
Pollux our chip shots eke) ;

I will wager a crown to a mere piastre
That Teuton and Yank and Greek,
And the far-away Japs and the sledge-
borne Laps

Will yield to our plus four handicaps,
And the gods shall fasten the oleaster
To the blade of a British cleek."

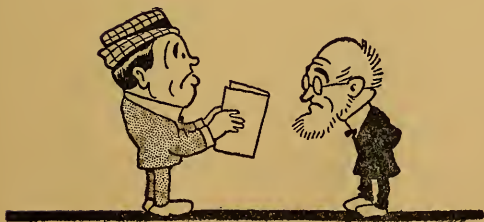
BLOCKING THE COURSE

Two very erratic players who had wandered far from the course expressed great indignation when a low handicap man drove off before they were quite out of range. "I'm very sorry," said the latter, in excuse, "but I didn't know you belonged to this hole!"



AN AUTHORITY ON TEES

HERE is the latest golf story, which appears in a trade journal. A country bookseller had been asked to supply a customer with a collection of golf literature. When the books arrived the customer was staggered to find one entitled "Stockton-on-Tees." Golfers will smile at the joke; others will be disposed to weep."



HELPING THE BOSS OUT

IT is not an uncommon sight to see the president of a large firm playing golf with one of his employees. One day a well-known man was playing with his private secretary. In trying to make a terrific drive he topped it, and the ball rolled about ten yards in front of the tee. A few pet words came from the boss's lips. The secretary wanted to say something nice, so remarked: "Well, that wasn't so bad; you got perfect direction."



A NOVEL HANDICAP

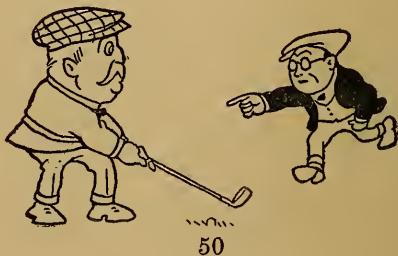
A PLAYER who had been used to receiving a handicap of three strokes from a friend with whom he frequently played agreed to waive his right to strokes if he should be allowed to say "Boo" just once during the round while his opponent was addressing the ball. As the story goes, the player who had the right to say "Boo" won the game quite easily, and strangely enough without once resorting to his novel handicap. It was the fear that the word might be said any moment that upset the better player's game.



HE KNEW HIS OWN GAME BEST

ANOTHER similar story has been going the rounds about a colonel who was preparing to play from a distance of about four yards in front of the tee. The secretary of the club, who discovered him in what he thought just the nick of time, rushed down and yelled out: "I say! old chap, you can't play from there; you must go back on the tee."

"I can't, eh? Well, if it is anybody's business you just tell them that I am playing my fourth."



RECKONING DISTANCE

THIS is a story that every golfer who has found himself perplexed on a strange links will appreciate.

A man hurrying down the street the other day stopped another man and inquired how far it was to the Post-office. The other man thought it over for a minute and then replied, "I suppose you would say that it was just a good brassie and a full midiron."



HIS FATHER'S GAME

"Now, my young man," said a father to his son, "it is time that you were beginning to take matters more seriously. I want you to understand that there is something in life much more important than tennis and baseball." "Yes, father, but I never did like the game of golf."



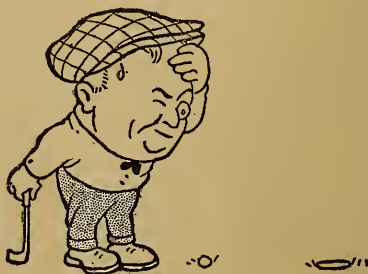
HE HAD THE WRONG MAN

A GOLF player who was very anxious to tell everybody what a fine score he had made met another member of the club whom he knew only casually, and commenced telling him what a wonderful round he had had. "Do you know," he said, "I have accomplished an eighty-five to-day, something I never hoped to do." "Good," said the listener, "I am awfully glad to hear that; you know who I am, don't you? I am the new member of the Handicap Committee." "Oh, you are," said the player with the wonderful score. "You know who I am, don't you? Well, I am the biggest liar in the club."



MADE HIM NERVOUS

IT IS the little things in golf as well as in life that give us the most worry. Many a man who has covered a distance of four hundred yards in two strokes begins to shake at the knees when they have left for themselves a putt of only a few feet. A. C. Anson, the famous ball player, who was the greatest batter of his day, says he would rather face the best pitcher that ever lived than be called upon to make a three-foot putt at a critical point of a golf match.



SOME GOLF FIGURES

IN ENGLAND 7,000,000 pounds is spent annually on golf. New Yorkers' golf costs them over \$5,000,000 each year. This is against \$1,500,000 spent on baseball, which is the national game. Golf figures were easily computed. As a working basis, one club with 400 members was picked out as an average. Its dues placed at only \$50 a year. Initiations and green fees about \$4,000. The sum totals up to \$65,000, a very conservative figure. There are over a hundred clubs in the Metropolitan district, but only eighty is enough at that rate to bring the amount well over the \$5,000,000 mark. New York patronizes its three big league clubs to the extent of \$1,000,000 a year. \$500,000 more might be allowed for other professional and amateur teams and boys in the sand lots.



GRAND ARMY GOLF

A MEMBER of the handicap committee, trying to get a line on a new member of the club, inquired from another member how his friend played on the round that they had just completed.

“Well, not so good. He plays what you would call Grand Army golf.”

“That is new to me. What is that?”

“He went out in sixty-one and came back in sixty-five.”





SHORT PUTTS



HIS majesty need never carry a niblick in his golf bag, for hasn't it been said that a King can do no wrong?

PROFESSIONAL: "How do you like that new hole since I have made those changes?"

MEMBER OF GREEN COMMITTEE: "Fine. I think it is unapproachable."

A GOLF course has been made in England for lady players. Men will be allowed to play here, but at all times they will have to give way to the fair players. This is as it should be. The unfair players should always give way to the fair players.

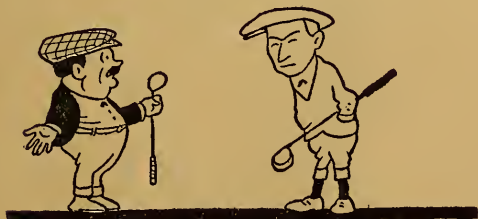
SINKERS AND FLOATERS

THE second hole at Great Neck, L. I., course is a mashie pitch over a pond. It strikes terror to the heart of many a beginner. Even the better players never think of using anything but a floater on this hole. A golfer playing the course one day had an inexperienced caddie. When he came to this pond hole he tossed the boy a ball and said: "Boy, will you find out if this is a sinker?" The lad took the ball and threw it into the pond, where it promptly sank. "Yes, sir," he said; "it is a sinker."



VARDON'S EASY WAY

HARRY VARDON has a very pleasant way of letting one down easy. Mr. Henry Leach has this to say about him in a match they were playing. "I absurdly fluffed a little chip onto the green from the woolly grass along the side with a niblick. After I had finished my comments on the matter, Vardon observed that he nearly always did the same thing—with a niblick! Fancy that! admitting that he did it, too. 'We ought to use a mashie,' he explained, putting himself and me right at the same time."



THRILL OF A GOOD DRIVE

WHO has not driven from the tee and had the pleasure of a genuine thrill as he watched the little ball fly through the air. One player, who is a very prominent advertising man, gets as much enjoyment out of the game as anybody. The course that he plays on is very narrow and full of trees. One day he made a very long brassie shot, but being near-sighted, didn't see it. Turning to his opponent, he asked, "Was it a good one?" "Yes, it was a beauty; longest I have ever seen you make." "Shucks! I don't care for those good shots. I am never able to find 'em again."



THE GOLFER'S EPITAPH

(Halving it, of course, with
R. L. Stevenson)

UNDER the wire and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Gladly I've lived and gladly die,
Away from the world of strife.

These be the lines you grave for me—
“Here he lies where he wants to be—
Lies at rest by the Nineteenth Tee—
Where he lied all through his life.”
—*G. Rice.*



THE FORESOME "GROUCH"

THERE is no game in the world to bring out the character of a man as quickly as the game of golf. When you play with a man in a foresome as a partner and find him particularly disagreeable, one cannot help but feel sorry for the fellow's wife. To be a good foresome player is to be a good foresome loser.



FEARED THE HEEL MARKS!

DURING the suffragette reign of terror in Great Britain one of the famous golf links was desecrated by the militants, who poured acid on the putting greens. This caused one of the members of the green committee to remark: "I don't care so much about these fair dames and their bottle of acid if they would only stay off our putting greens with those awful high-heel shoes.



IMPROVING HIS GAME

As a rule golf players are very proud of converts they get for the game. A man that had been introduced to golf by one of his friends happened to meet him some weeks later, and of course the conversation turned to golf.

"Well, how is your game now? How are you making out at it?"

"Oh, pretty good. I have improved greatly since you saw me play."

"What do you go around in now?"

"Oh, I should say about three hours and a half."





FUTURIST'S ART APPLIED TO GOLF

*Picture of an old gentleman who has just
missed a short "put" at golf*

A GOOD GAME FOR KINGS

GOLF is a game that is peculiarly suitable for kings. It is perhaps the only one in the participation of which they may be sure that things are not being made specially easy for them just because they are kings. If they played tennis, the man on the other side might pat the ball just where majesty might most easily return it to an awkward place; if they went out shooting, the birds and beasts would be driven before their guns. But this sort of thing is not done very well in golf. The other man may fizzle, but he cannot surreptitiously help the king to make good ones, and to get the holes in par. Here, then, is a chance for the self-discipline and improvement of kings such as does not come their way very often.



LEAVING AN ADDRESS

Boy, if the 'phone should ring,
If any one comes to call,
Whisper that this is spring—
To drop in again next fall;
Say I have a date on a certain tee
Where my friends, the sand traps, wait in
glee;
And tell him the doc has ordered me
To keep my eye on the ball.

And then, if the boss should sigh,
Or for my presence seek,
Tell him the truth—don't lie—
Say that my will was weak;
For what is a job to a brassie shot
That whistles away to an untrapped spot—
To the thrill of a well-cut mashie shot
Or the sweep of a burnished cleek?

CLOSE FRIENDSHIP

GETTING hold of a good caddie is very rare. As a usual thing, when a player gets a boy that he likes he always asks for him at the club. A certain judge had a caddie that he had trained and one that he thought all the world of. He had often given him articles of clothing and taken care of him even when he wasn't playing. E. E. White happened to have a match with this judge one day, and seeing a small boy standing near the club, asked him if he knew Judge Ferguson. "Do I know him?" said the boy. "Well I should say I did. He and I are great friends. Why, these are his trousers I got on."



HIS FATHER'S WEAKNESS

A YOUNG man visiting a hotel links with his father and mother wanted a favor from his father one day, and rushed into the hotel and asked his mother where he was. "If it is anything important I advise you not to see him now, as he is over on the links," said the mother, "and doesn't want to be disturbed." "That is all right. I will take my chances now rather than later." The son returned, but not for some time. His mother wanted to know if he had succeeded, and why it had taken him so long. "Well, I know dad pretty well. I followed him around till he made a long putt, then I asked him immediately, and my request was granted on the spot."



HOW HE PUT IT

THE duffer had got around under the 100 for the first time in his life, and came into the luncheon room simply bursting with elation. He was dying to impart the joyful news, but no one gave him the opportunity or betrayed the slightest curiosity or interest as to his performance. At last he could restrain himself no longer, and taking advantage of a pause in the conversation, he remarked, "I don't know how it is with you chaps, but 98 does not seem to give one enough of exercise."



AN OLD SCOTCH CADDIE

"MY LAST experience of one of these veterans," says Mr. Hilton, "was in a championship on the classic green. From the very first tee he took charge of me, body and soul, and wanted me to play every shot according to his ideas, and I refused to be thus mothered. It could hardly be said that we played that round together in peace and amity; in fact, long before the finish we were not really on speaking terms, and the only remark the old gentleman would condescend to make was on any occasion I happened to misjudge a distance, when in a loud aside one would hear, 'I thocht so,' and after the conclusion of the round he was heard to remark, 'Yon's a peeg-headed mon.' "



THE GOAT

It may be the case, as I've heard men say,
That the play that counts is the putting-
green play,
But the goat who is aye through some
bunker butting,
Ne'er gets a chance to come to the put-
ting.





A GOLF instructor has said this about the secret of good driving: "Hit the ball evenly off the face of the club—the face of the club, now, mind you, not the face of the earth."

"A GOOD course is one which, after the first round, leaves you hopelessly mystified, but restlessly eager to learn more."

A PEEVISH critic remarked that golf is often a curse. Certainly it is often the cause of many a curse.

SHAKESPEARE must have been a golf player, for didn't he write the following: "Now is the winter of my discontent"?

WAS TOPPING HIS BALL

A DUFFER was playing very badly one day. Driving off from every tee he topped his ball and never succeeded in getting more than fifty yards. Turning to the caddie, he remarked: "What in the world is the matter with me! What am I doing?" "Well," said the caddie, "you are hitting your ball on top every time, sir." "I am, eh? Then why don't you tee the blamed thing upside down?"



THEY WERE NOVICES

Two Hebrews were playing the royal and ancient game on a public links. After a series of unsuccessful attempts at hitting the ball, both finally managed to get up on the green in a roundabout way.

"Say, Ikey, how many did it take you to get up here?"

"Well, how many did it take you, Sammy?"

"You got to tell me; I asked you first!"



MY TROPHIES

(From the "American Golfer")

THERE'S a cupboard I keep in the land o'
dreams,

In a corner of my mind,
Where a glitter of silver before me gleams
If ever I feel inclined.

And I open its door to amuse myself
When my golfing days are done,
With the wealth of trophies that load each
shelf—

The trophies I never won.





First Golfer—“What do you think of that fellow coming out a day like this?”

Second Golfer—“Well, he must be an awful nut to play in this weather!”

ANOTHER HOLE IN ONE

A GOLFER at one of the famous courses in England was entertaining his friends in the club house with a story of a wonderful dream that he had in which he dreamed that he had on that very afternoon made the short pond hole in one stroke. Nobody thought any more about it till it came his turn to play the hole that afternoon, then some one remarked: "Now is your chance to make that dream good." The player said he felt a bit shaky at the knees when he stood on the tee, but nevertheless hit a beauty. "The ball came rolling leisurely across the green and fell into the cup with its last dying breath."



FORGETFUL

THERE was a young golfer who'd roar
The news every time he took "four";

But when he took "eight"

By some curious fate

He could never remember his score.



CORRECTING A FAULT

A GOLFER offers the following receipt for any one badly off his game: "If you are slicing and sclaffing, and cannot find out the reason why, the best thing to do is to follow a player who is suffering from the same ailment and carefully note the things he is doing wrong. Here you get the idea of how not to do it."



HE HAD A GREAT IDEA

A GOLFER who was determined to learn how to drive without swaying the body appeared on the first tee one day with four pieces of rope attached to his belt. "What in the world are you up to?" asked one of the players. "Just wait and see," said the inventor. "Now, caddie, when I take my stance on the tee drive home those tent stakes and I think that will enable me to hold my body still."



TOOK 47 FOR ONE HOLE

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, the advertising man, has a record of 47 strokes for one hole. On the pond hole at Pinehurst he drove ten balls into water. He expressed himself quite forcibly after each shot, but finally exhausting his vocabulary, he changed his profanity to song, and in a clear baritone voice sang a refrain from a religious hymn. The change worked miracles, and he got over, and finally holed out in forty-seven.



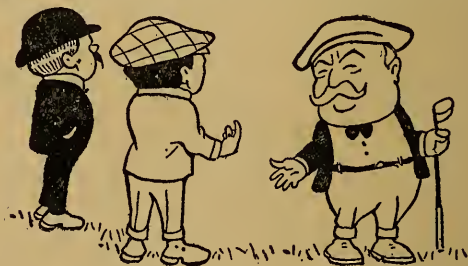
RACE NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT

A NOVICE, contrary to most beginners, was able to hit the ball the first time he tried it, and gained quite some considerable distance, too; then he started on a dead run down the course after the ball. He didn't stop when he reached the ball, but hit it again as hurriedly as he could in the general direction of the flag and continued on a run. When he reached the hole he turned around with an air of satisfaction and discovered that his "field" was only moving away leisurely from the first tee. In explaining his strange actions he had to admit that he thought the game depended on reaching the green first and putting the ball into the hole.



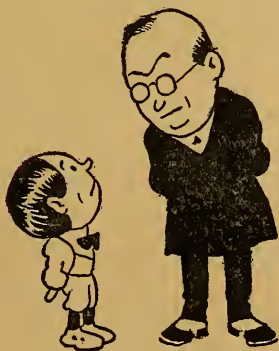
GOLF FIRST

WHEN Taft was on a trip West during his administration he played a game of golf in Seattle. Taft was due in Tacoma at five o'clock that evening. A great crowd awaited his arrival, and unless he got that train it would be after dark when the Presidential party got in. Butt and a secret service man rushed out on the Links and hold him how important it was that he should leave immediately. They argued, but the President was obdurate. "Now look here! I want you to understand that I am President of the United States, and refuse to be bossed by a detective and an army officer. When I finish my game I will go and not before."



WANTED INFORMATION

A MINISTER, upon hearing that one of his choir boys had been over to the links caddy-ing on Sunday morning, called the lad up to him and asked if it were true. "Yes, sir," said the boy, "I will have to admit that it is true, but I'm sorry." "Well, tell me," said the minister, "how are the fair greens after last night's hard rain?"



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